

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

Marion Harland on the Physical Training of Young Women—Calisthenics in Which Women Can Indulge.

Exercise Found in House Duties—Practical Training for Girls—Our Women Do Not Use Their Limbs Well.

Should Business Men Give up Their Seats in Cars to Women—Some Dangerous Forms of Exercise.

Written for the Gazette.

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It has been lately said that "women must be regarded as women, and not as a nondescript animal with a greater or less capacity for assimilation to man."

It is not my purpose to enter into explanation of the physiological reasons why certain kinds of bodily exercise that do profit man should not be participated in by our sex. The limitations of a popular essay, however familiar in tone, exclude overplaceness of speech. If our girl would read and comprehend why her tripartite nature needs more judicious management than her brother's simpler organism, let her consult the law and the prophets as represented by the many valuable treatises written for her express benefit.

It may not be invidious to single out from among a score or more of these pleasant and helpful readings, "Hygiene for Girls," by Irene L. Davis, M.D. I trust, for the reason that no one will construe the reference to a work into which I put a year of life and more earnest, loving thought for my sex than I can ever express in any other manner. I salute to "Eve's Daughters," the motto of which volume might well be, "Know thyself," the simplest and most solemn lesson ever set for the race.

Custom is not so tyrannical to women as she is usually supposed to be. The division of daily labor, as tacitly decreed by the ordinary routine of the household, is wisely appointed. Man "goeth forth" into his day's work, and returns at evening. Wet feet, damp clothing, the straining, lifting, and standing at desk and in workshop, incidental or unavoidable in the discharge of business duties, are, at the worst, but inconvenient and fatiguing to him, while they would work positive injury to a woman. Thoughtful physiologists account what is classed as "light housework" among the most healthful occupations of girls.

Sweeping, when properly done, is an important branch of calisthenics. To this end, one should dress for the task as in the gymnasium, in elastic jersey or knickerbockers, and with her hair put away under a cap. Our girl should open at least one window of the apartment cleared for action, and begin, with long, steady, slow strokes, to sweep the demure dust toward the center of the floor. The exercise brings into play all the muscles of the trunk, without unfair stress upon any one set, while the plying to and fro, as the rubbish is collected by the beam into the middle of the chamber, ready for whisk and dust-pan, equalizes circulation in the lower part of the body. The broom should be handled, and care be taken not to stoop while plying it.

Bed-making except in the initial stage of turning heavy mattresses, is healthful and not ungraceful work. So is dusting when a square of cheesecloth or other soft fabric is employed to remove the dust and carry it away. I make the proviso, because the act of walking off the powdery particles with a feather brush is scattering abroad, not gathering. They whirl into the air and settle again in a few minutes, a fair proportion of them finding lodgment in skin pores and lower eyelids. Dusting should be done quickly and thoroughly done. The windows on the side of the room from which the wind does not blow should always, if possible, be open while it is going on. Women lose much of the specific advantage of housework by closing the door, after the work is done. Dust, in such circumstances, is a synonym of disease. Should the flow of cold air be so eagerly chided as to make the worker move briskly to keep warm, all the better. Many a conscientious holder of hy-



gienic principles who leaves her palm-leaf to wear through with the bulk of the day's drudgery, or commits the cleansing of the house to irresponsible hirelings while she seeks health in a long "constitutional" abroad, would have gained her end as surely, if not as agreeably, had she borne her share in the household.

But, the housework accomplished, our girl must walk—not saunter—in the free, boundless outdoor air every day.

"Give me an errand as a reason," said a girl, "I must have an object in a bore!" I must have a job to do, a job of money at the end of my rainbow.

There is always an object, priceless beyond rubies, at the end of the walk. Vigor of body and clearness of thought; firm grace of figure; elasticity of limbs; roses for the cheeks and light for the eyes. The woman who "never walk when they can ride" need not announce the disgraceful preference. There is a drag of the feet, a slouch of the whole body, a "sag" of the facial muscles, that are the certain consequences of the evasion of that one of nature's laws which sets people upon their feet, and bids them use them before they can talk.

The best walker I ever saw was hopelessly plain of feature—by inheritance—the sojourners in the mountain hotel where she was walking. She was crowded to the windows to see her cross the lawn or go down the road. Her skirts were of a modest length, just clearing the luster; she wore stout boots that were well-fitted and trim; as she trod, she cast the whole weight of her body on the ball of the foot, rising very slightly on the toes. She held herself perfectly erect, yet not stiffly, chest expanded, shoulders down and back; her motion reminded one of the straight flight of a crane, or the graceful sweep of a canoe—of all swift and graceful things—except recalling the lunge, or slide, or hitching bounce, or pigeon-like perk, that go for walking with the bevy of well-dressed women one meets every hour on street and road. Watch the tide tumbling and bubbling along the great thoroughfares of our cities on a fine afternoon, if you would fairly or confidently assert that not one woman in a thousand uses her lower limbs well, or cares to learn how to employ them in any exercise except dancing. Where one

"strikes out" freely and fearlessly, the one hundred and ninety-and-nine shuff, lunge, hob and waddle.

Men know it, if women do not. Ask your grown brother with how many girls he can keep step on a smooth pavement without feeling as if he were hopped; how often he has to execute the half-step that recovers the rhythmic pace, royally disregarded by his fair companion.

Some years ago a petition was circulated among the owners of large city shops, asking that the saleswomen in these places be allowed state behind the counter in the pauses of active service. The plea was humane and merciful. The wonder is that it should be needed.

"I always give up my seat to an old lady," said a young man who crowded a crowded ferry twice daily. "Young women can stand as well as a tired fellow who has been on his feet all day. When they come on board street-car or boat, I bury myself in my newspaper."

He was no more civil to one class and no more cruel to the other than the saleswoman and the old lady who crowded him. He held the seats of omnibus and tram. Let us hope (charitably) that all are alike ignorant of the truth that elderly ladies, unless especially infirm, are often more able to stand in comfort all the way across the ferry, or to hang patiently for a mile to a street-car, than are their daughters.

I have seen ruddy cheeks whiter, slender, alowed hands clench convulsively in the agony of the downward pull on rope and hips, until I have longed to cry aloud against the unbecoming barbarity of this flannel, broad-based men who must have had mothers, wives and daughters of their own at home.

Our girl can more safely and comfortably run 200 yards—provided her stays are not tight—than stand fifteen minutes in one spot. Dr. Davis reminds us in his book that the ancient Greeks, who surpassed all other nations in physical culture, in their mythology name Atlanta, a woman, as the most feet-footed of mortals.

Jumping—on account of the physical peculiarities that make long standing, without the liberty to alterate the weight of the lower trunk from one side to the other, hurtful—is not a fit exercise for our girl. When it is necessary to leap from stile or vehicle she should be careful to alight on her toes, thus lessening some of the shock to the spinal column. A right and a left foot should be placed upon a spring from a fence or wagon that would have been less than nothing to a firmly-knit man. Swinging by the arms from a bar, climbing, hand over hand, and lifting heavy weights, are also important and dangerous forms of gymnastic exercise. Girls who have been brought up on a spring from a fence or wagon that would have been less than nothing to a firmly-knit man. Swinging by the arms from a bar, climbing, hand over hand, and lifting heavy weights, are also important and dangerous forms of gymnastic exercise. Girls who have been brought up on a spring from a fence or wagon that would have been less than nothing to a firmly-knit man. Swinging by the arms from a bar, climbing, hand over hand, and lifting heavy weights, are also important and dangerous forms of gymnastic exercise.

NACOGDOCHES.

Oil Abundance—A Little Boy Seriously Hurt—Minister Preaches.

NACOGDOCHES, TEX., April 17.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

I have just had an interview with Dr. J. B. Gonzalez, who is manager of the Louisiana Oil and Mining Co., in this county. He assures me that the oil is in abundance at last, and that the well alone was worth \$100,000. His wells are about sixteen miles east of town, and will be piped to the road here. His main well is about 400 feet deep, and oil is going out over the top of the tube. The P. O. Co. are now working, laying their pipe line, and will likely get through and ready for business on a large scale within two months.

One of the pipe contractors had his little boy along with him to-day on his large wagon, when the little fellow lost his balance and fell off the wagon, his head striking a large nail. The boy is now in a bad way, and it is feared he will not recover. The father is now in a bad way, and it is feared he will not recover.

Last Sunday, after a very feeling sermon by Rev. Virgil Maxey of Huntsville, he became over-heated and had a fainting spell. The audience seemed to go wild with sympathy for him. He has been here conducting a series of meetings in the Baptist church, and is a great favorite with the people. The interest is still increasing and it looks as if it would be a Pentecost yet.

Our town now enjoys the benefits of a corporation, with officers who strictly enforce the laws, and we at last have one of the best police forces in the county. Men are not found drunk on the streets as formerly. From present indications we are on the eve of a boom all around. We will soon have completed the finest hotel in East Texas, and measures are on foot to organize a fire insurance company, with a capital of \$100,000. The success of the East Texas insurance company has stimulated the people to this move, and we have no doubt of its success, as it will have an able management.

The largest tree in the country east of Orleans is a giant old cypress, that stands at Union Station, in Ohio. It is forty feet in circumference.

Chester—Hany, you are like the play called "A Dark Secret." Hany—Give it up. Chester—Because you are built around a tank.—[Pack.]

A young man in Maine is accused of having voted thirteen times at one election, and he is in a fair way to be convicted that the number is unlikely.

If you are ever chased by bloodhounds it may be well to know that sheets of tissue paper placed on the ground under the feet and then removed, carry with them every trace of the scent.



BOULANGER. IS HE ANOTHER NAPOLEON?

For or against Boulanger.

Thus the French Republic seems to be politically divided at present. The "brave general," with scars to prove his every battle; the "picturesque general," with scores of decorations on his breast; the "persecuted general," reduced from active command because of dangerous popularity; the "people's general," as opposed to the government of France, which he has defied and outaced, Boulanger is the god of the masses. At a word from his lips there would be a revolution. The moderate Republicans, the Opportunists, the Parliamentary Royalists, and the followers of Clemenceau are arrayed against him. Cast from his military position they thought he would sink into obscurity; but the people, encouraged by

the Bonapartists, who see their opportunity in the feverish state of the nation, have showered honors upon him. With or without his candidacy votes are cast for him wherever elections occur throughout the country. In the Department of the Dordogne he received 59,498 votes against 35,745 given for the Opportunist candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, although he had announced that he would stand for election in the Department of the Nord only. On the same day he received enough votes in other departments to swell the total to 79,007. At this rate he would carry all France.

Such popularity is without precedent. Boulanger seems practically the master of France. It remains to be seen what use he will make of his power. In his grasp. But it was not to be. On the eve of the election Muhlberg was stricken down with apoplexy, and it was not until 1867, twenty-three years afterward, that Mr. Brewster became Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and then as the representative of a party not in power in 1874. When Grant became President Brewster was strongly urged for the Attorney Generalship. He did not get it, however, until an accident more tragic than the fate of Muhlberg called Arthur to the presidency.

A POINTER FOR DRUMMERS.

Beware of a Tall Blonde and a Bewitching Brunette Near Carrollton, Penn.

Bradford (Penn.) Special to New York Sun. Two fresh New York drummers had an experience on Erie Train 12, at Carrollton, Wednesday, which they will not soon forget. They were dressed like swells, and saw two extremely pretty girls get on the train at a way station. The seat behind the girls was vacant, and the drummers quickly got into it. They went to work at once. The girls affected not to notice the drummers. The attention of every passenger was directed to the young men.

A beaming blonde, they leaned over the back of the seat and whispered to the young woman. One girl was a tall and well formed blonde, with hair the tint of a June sunset. The other, a bewitching brunette with bangs, was short, stout and full of animal life. Valiantly did the drummers try to keep their heads down, but the girls were too good for them. Just as the situation was becoming unendurable a uniformed trainman popped his head into the car and sang out, "Carrollton! Change for Bradford!"

With flushed faces and eyes that sparkled with indignation the young women jumped to their feet. The drummers jumped up, too. The blonde turned, and in a tone heard all over the car, said: "I hope I never will have to ride in front of two such fools again."

Out on the long station platform a short and athletic young man was waiting. The young ladies left the ladies and entered the car. Addressing himself to the drummers, he said:

"A gentleman wants to see you outside. We have no business here, fellow," languidly lisped one of the fellows.

"Well, then, you will not go out I will do the business up right here."

And he did. His two fists flew out like lightning. The claret was drawn from the noses of both the dundes, blood was scattered over their gay low-cut waistcoats and a dark spot began to form under two eyes. The train pulled out and the athletic young man jumped off amid the cheers of the passengers, and the drummers slunk into the smoking-car and washed their faces.

The athletic young man was Eddie Boyle, who keeps a hotel and store at Carrollton. The brunette was his wife, the blonde his sister.

Out in India it is "the man or the tiger," but the man got ahead of the tiger in India last year. Hunters killed 1400 tigers and tigers killed only 1000 men.

Philadelphia is spoken of as a good location for a national graveyard. The idea is a bad one. It would be cruel to add to the number of "stiffs" already there.

The average time of 3000 New York business men at their town lunch is eight minutes. This is a matter of record in a leading restaurant.

Nine tailors, it is said, will make a man. Whoever started this sentence ought to have finished it. They will make a man a pauper.—[Burlington Free Press.]

In the old palace of Catherine the Great, near St. Petersburg, there is a room which is lined, walls and ceiling, with the finest amber.

In one district in London, containing 200 public houses, 7019 children were sent to enter the doors within the space of three hours.

NEW MEXICO AS A STATE.

Antonio Joseph Addresses the Lower House of Congress on the Admission of New Mexico as a State.

The Republican Minority of the House Committee on Territories Takes a Task for Unwarmed Charges.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—The House devoted the entire day yesterday to the consideration of the Indian appropriation bill, when Mr. Joseph, the delegate from New Mexico, availed himself of the opportunity offered for general debate to make a speech on the question of the admission of that territory, during which he roundly scored the minority of the committee on territories for what he termed the unwarranted charges and reflections made by them against the character of his constituency. He opened his remarks by saying:

Mr. Chairman, I will not be the first member of this House to define the demarcation of American citizenship by language, blood or race. Indeed, sir, if we look over the whole Union endeavoring to find the best blood, we are forced to the conclusion that the mixture of races and blood to be found in the people of the United States has made her what she is, in grandeur and excellence of the world. New Mexico has a like admixture of foreign and native blood; but all, or so nearly all as to admit the expression, speaking the English language.

Why, then, Mr. Chairman, has New Mexico so long been denied a "mittance" as a state? With so nearly 200,000 people, no public debt, no military or naval establishment, no public schools, no public lands, and fully patrolled, with wealth and commerce, with abundant agricultural and mineral resources—why, with all these facts in her favor, has she been so long kept in the vassalage of territorial government?

One would ask, "What good is it to the people of a territory to be a state?" It might be answered that a territory has no vote, and enters taxation without representation; it has no power and the arm of government is too short to reach and control remote sections, and the people's rights and foster their interests; and, further, history proves that states flourish and increase more rapidly than territories. The idea of a territory suggests to the eastern man want of society, lack of law, and hence emigration is retarded, while a state gives promise of power and dignity, and consequently the more attracts immigration. It is "good" to enact their own laws by their own elected legislators and execute them by their own appointed officers instead of stranger aliens placed over them by the national government.

It is also "good" for the whole Union, for statehood releases the expense of territorial machinery, thus greatly reducing your annual appropriations; and more, of the few arguments left to state rights people is that the territory will be a power to prevent further bloodshed—in this a centralized government, wielded power from center to circumference. To do this in a territory 300 miles wide is an impossibility without a standing army to enforce the dignity of law and preserve the needed protection of the people, and a standing army is repugnant to our institutions. From Washington to Alaska or the Gulf is too great a distance for the arm of the law to extend. State authority and state power relieves the general government of that task, and does control the people, whether remote from or adjacent to the nation's head.

And may not this be really the key to the time-honored policy of this government to admit the territories into statehood as rapidly as possible? But that is not a question of good to the Territory or to the government. It is a matter of right, if not a constitutional right. It has become the unwritten law by Congressional action for so long a period as to be as firmly one of your institutions as any demand in your grand charter. The people of the Territory demand it. The population demanded that action; she has the resources and capacity for state government. It was the agreement in the treaty by which her people became a portion of the United States, and she now stands in your Congress as a free and equal citizen, not only as to herself and goods, but as to the right, but as a right inalienable that she be admitted to the honor and dignity and power of a state.

It is strange, Mr. Chairman, in our day, when steam and electricity have canceled distance, when the fastest of travelers introduce to every mile of our continent, and half-hour telegrams whisper from ocean to ocean, when our bureaus give us the climatic diagnosis of every area and monthly statements of every crop, when New Mexico is as near to you practically as New York, is it strange in our day to find so much of information as is printed in a Congressional paper on this very question of admitting New Mexico as a state. I quote:

There is claimed for it (New Mexico) an excellence of soil and climate which, however performed by Indian slaves, and greed, referred by official and other reports on that region.

"Kigion!" Were they considering the Congo country? Is New Mexico—middle of your continent—as unknown as the mazy geography of the Nile? Is a territory of 120,000 square miles, as large as Ohio, and as large as New England. The country is well watered by the Rio Grande, Pecos, San Juan, Red, Tule, Mora and the Puerco rivers, besides many other smaller streams.

The valleys on both sides of every river have rich alluvial soil as deep and as fertile as the world can show. The statistical reports show that her barable lands are 1,000,000 acres, and that she produces 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, of corn, sixty to eighty-five bushels per acre, and the other cereals in like proportion; vineyards show a yield of 1360 gallons of best wine to the acre.

Besides these, New Mexico yields raw cotton, flax, hemp, tobacco, sorghum, rice, coffee, egg plant, beans, and other garden vegetables, with excellent hops; and, more yet, after harvesting her crop of wheat, oats, barley, or pease, she grows corn, and the same year secures a crop of corn, cabbage, beets, or turnips, and, in addition, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, and quinces, equal to any of the same kind in the Union; while her almonds, chestnuts, English walnuts, and figs will bear successful competition with the nut-growers of the world. Her vineyards have for ten years produced equal wine to any in America in product, flavor, and wine yield; her melons have, so far, met with no superiors on the continent; while her small fruits, such as strawber-

ries, gooseberries, raspberries, currants, etc., with asparagus, celery, spinach, radishes and peaches are unrivaled, and her Agricultural Department will tell you her oranges beat the world.

Her plans now and for years past have been of a most profitable character. Crowded with cattle, sheep and horses, with more favorable round ups and less percentage of loss than any cattle country of the west can show, and with her beef, mutton, wool and horses standing on the first grade in Chicago and eastern markets. The most nutritious grasses cover the broad plateaus of New Mexico, which will continue for years to grow, to offer the best grazing facilities of any cattle country in the United States. The cost of beef-raising is nominal, as stock need never be housed or fed. The high and dry climate precludes almost the possibility of disease among sheep or cattle. At least half the lands of New Mexico are especially adapted to grazing purposes; and even if future improvement tempted agriculture, stock raising would always be profitable. The New Mexican would forever be one of the main supplies of the beef-eaters of the world.

The minority made the following quotations from the book of W. W. H. Davis, entitled "El Gringo," as showing the condition of the Mexican people in 1850 and later, and the state of the nation at that time, to point to a church or other institution that has done more in the establishment of schools and in the interest of education within their means than the Catholic clergy of New Mexico. Sectarian lines are not as closely drawn there as in many eastern states. Catholic and Protestants attend the same church, join hand in hand in the same enterprises looking to the education and advancement of the people, contribute liberally to the erection and maintenance of the same schools. All Mexican children are received, with open arms, and given every aid and facility for the carrying out of their laudable objects. They too have done wonders in New Mexico, and I am happy to say are daily progressing and increasing in numbers.

The women of New Mexico are not wanting in virtue; they are not idle or lazy. If the members of this House had seen them, sir, as I have—plowing in the fields with their own hands, gathering the grain, caring vigilantly for their little ones at night, watching over and protecting them after dark, and at month after month while their husbands and fathers were absent battling with savage Indians to save their defenseless homes, which the faith of a great nation was pledged to protect and then failed to protect, for we are told you would not have the heart to accuse them; if you had seen them as I have—helping their little children to their church each day at sunrise and, kneeling down, offer up a fervent prayer for their absent husbands and fathers, for their protection and safe return, for victory and "God bless the government of the United States," you would not accuse them.

I assert without fear of successful contradiction that the percentage of Mexican prostitutes in proportion to the whole number of citizens in New Mexico is less than in any other state or territory, and I defy the minority to show the contrary and challenge them to prove the statements contained in their report reflecting on the women of New Mexico.

I appeal to every member of this House who has a heart for the best interests of this nation to cast his vote in favor of the admission of New Mexico as a state. I pledge you that when organized as a state, you will all be proud of us.

A REMEDY SOUGHT.

School Lands Being Taken by Land Grabbers and Speculators.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

In putting the state school lands on the market the Legislature positively and emphatically declared that they should be sold to actual settlers only. And to enforce and carry out its purposes it positively required of the applicant, as a condition precedent, a solemn oath that he wanted the land for school purposes, and that he would set aside upon the same, as required by law. And yet, under a law and the binding obligation of such oath, speculators and land grabbers, and syndicates and land monopolies, have taken, or caused to be taken, and held from actual settlers large portions of such lands, and held them and now hold them for speculation, in palpable violation of the law and the solemn oath required by law.

What is the situation in Carson county to-day? More than ten lands have been taken up in this county, through various means, and gobbled up by corporations in solid blocks and is now held by land syndicates, free from taxation under A. D. 1891; off the market for higher prices. The odd sections in the balance of the county have been taken by other corporations, companies, and, too, is mostly off the market and held for purposes of speculation.

The even, or school sections, in less than half the county were sold to and to be all that is left in the balance of the county settlement and cultivation. This is a lamentable state of affairs, and the people intend to reserve to the people for homes. But, despite the most solemn, binding oaths it could prescribe and in view of all the penalties incurred by violations of the law what is the result? More than ten lands have been taken up in this county, through various means, and gobbled up by corporations in solid blocks and is now held by land syndicates, free from taxation under A. D. 1891; off the market for higher prices. The odd sections in the balance of the county have been taken by other corporations, companies, and, too, is mostly off the market and held for purposes of speculation.

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ACTUAL SETTLER.

The principal liquor seller in a southern town is named Vermilion, and he offers bargains to those who contemplate painting the town red.